THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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VILLAGE POLITICS.

Addreſſed to all the Mechanics, Journeymen, and Labourers in Great Britain.

BY WILL CHIP, A COUNTRY CARPENTER.

[*In a Dialogue between Jack Anvil the Blackſmith, and Tom Hod the Maſon.*]

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom? Why doſt look ſo diſmal?

Tom. Diſmal indeed! Well enough I may.

Jack. What's the old mare dead? or work ſcarce?

Tom. No, no, work's plenty enough, if a man had but the heart to go to it.

Jack. What book art reading? Why doſt look like a hang dog?

Tom. (*Looking in his book.*) Cauſe enough. Why I find here that I'm very unhappy, and very miſerable; which I ſhould never have known if I had not had the good luck to meet with this book. O 'tis a precious book!

Jack. A good ſign though; that you can't find out you're unhappy without looking into a book for it. What is the matter?

Tom. Matter? Why I want liberty.

Jack. Liberty! What has any one fetched a warrant for thee?

thee ? Come man, cheer up, I'll be bound for thee.—Thou art an honeſt man in the main, though thou doſt tipple and prate a little too much at the Roſe and Crown.

Tom. No, no, I want a new conſtitution.

Jack. Indeed ! Why I thought thou hadſt been a deſperate healthy fellow. Send for the doctor then.

Tom. I'm not ſick ; I want liberty and equality, and the rights of man.

Jack. O now I underſtand thee. What thou art a leveller and a republican I warrant.

Tom. I'm a friend to the people. I want a reform.

Jack. Then the ſhorteſt way is to mend thyſelf.

Tom. But I want a *general reform.*

Jack. Then let every one mend one.

Tom. Pooh ; I want freedom and happineſs, the ſame as they have got in France.

Jack. What, Tom, we imitate them ? We follow the French ! Why they only begun all this miſchief at firſt, in order to be juſt what we are already. Why I would ſooner go to the Negers to get learning, or to the Turks to get religion, than to the French for freedom and happineſs.

Tom. What do you mean by that ? are not the French free ?

Jack. Free, Tom ! aye, free with a witneſs. They are all ſo free, that there is nobody ſafe. They make free to rob whom they will, and kill whom they will. If they don't like a man's looks, they make free to hang him without judge or jury, and the next lamp poſt does for the gallows ; ſo then they call themſelves free, becauſe you ſee they have no King to take them up and hang them for it.

Tom. Ah, but Jack, didn't their King formerly hang people for nothing too ? and beſides, wer'n't they all papiſts before the revolution ?

Jack. Why, true enough, they had but a poor ſort of religion, but bad is better than none, Tom.

And ſo was the government bad enough too, for they would clap an innocent man into priſon, and keep him there too as long as they would, and never ſay with your leave or by your leave, Gentlemen of the Jury. But what's all that to us ?

Tom. To us ! Why don't our governors put many of our poor folks in priſon againſt their will ? What are all the jails for ? Down with the jails, I ſay ; all men ſhould be free.

Jack. Harkee, Tom, a few rogues in priſon keep the reſt in order, and then honeſt men go about their buſineſs, afraid of nobody ; that's the way to be free. And let me tell thee, Tom,

Tom, thou and I are tried by our Peers as much as a Lord is. Why the King can't ſend me to priſon if I do no harm, and if I do, there's reaſon good why I ſhould go there. I may go to law with Sir John, at the great caſtle yonder, and he no more dares lift his little finger againſt me than if I were his equal. A Lord is hanged for a hanging matter, as thou or I ſhould be; and if it will be any comfort to thee, I myſelf remember a Peer of the realm being hanged for killing his man, juſt the ſame as the man would have been for killing him*.

Tom. Well, that is ſome comfort.—But have you read the Rights of Man?

Jack. No, not I. I had rather by half read the Whole Duty of Man. I have but little time for reading, and ſuch as I ſhould therefore only read a bit of the beſt.

Tom. Don't tell me of thoſe old faſhioned notions. Why ſhould not we have the ſame things they have got in France? I'm for a conſtitution, and organization, and equalization.

Jack. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only ſuppoſe this nonſenſical equality was to take place; why it would not laſt while one cou'd ſay Jack Robinſon; or ſuppoſe it cou'd—ſuppoſe, in the general diviſion, our new rulers were to give us half an acre of ground a-piece; we cou'd to be ſure raiſe potatoes on it for the uſe of our families; but as every other man would be equally buſy in raiſing potatoes for his family, why then you ſee if thou waſt to break thy ſpade, I ſhould not be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip wou'd have no time to make us a ſuit of cloaths, nor the clothier to weave the cloth, for all the world would be gone a digging. And as to boots and ſhoes, the want of ſome one to make them for us, would be a greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we ſhou'd be ſick, there wou'd be no doctor's ſtuff for us; for doctor wou'd be digging too. We cou'd not get a chimney ſwept, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

Tom. But ſtill I ſhou'd have no one over my head.

Jack. That's a miſtake: I'm ſtronger than thou; and Standiſh, the exciſeman, is a better ſcholar; ſo we ſhould not remain equal a minute. I ſhou'd out-*fight* thee, and he'd out-*wit* thee. And if ſuch a ſturdy fellow as I ſhould want firing, or to take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not ſo ſure that theſe new-fangled laws would ſee thee righted.—I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine conſtitution already, and our fore-fathers thought ſo.

Q 2 *Tom.*

* Lord Ferrers was hanged in 1760, for killing his ſteward.

Tom. They were a pack of fools, and had never read the Rights of Man.

Jack. I'll tell thee a ſtory. When Sir John married, my Lady, who is a little fantaſtical, and likes to do every thing like the French, begged him to pull down yonder fine old caſtle, and to build it up in her frippery way. No, ſays Sir John; what ſhall I pull down this noble building, raiſed by the wiſdom of my brave anceſtors; which outſtood the civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution; and which all my neighbours came to take a pattern by—ſhall I pull it all down, I ſay, only becauſe there may be a dark cloſet or an inconvenient room or two in it? My lady mumpt and grumbled; but the caſtle was let ſtand, and a glorious building it is, though there may be a trifling fault or two, and though a few decays may want ſtopping; ſo now and then they mend a little thing, and they'll go on mending, I dare ſay, as they have leiſure, to the end of the chapter, if they are let alone. But no pull-me-down works. What is it you are crying out for, Tom?

Tom. Why for a perfect government.

Jack. You might as well cry for the moon. There's nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it.

Tom. I don't ſee why we are to work like ſlaves, while others roll about in their coaches, feed on the fat of the land, and do nothing.

Jack. My little maid brought home a ſtory-book from the Charity-School t'other day, in which was a bit of a fable about the belly and limbs. The hand ſaid, I won't work any longer to feed this lazy belly, who ſits in ſtate like a lord, and does nothing. Said the feet, I won't walk and tire myſelf to carry him about; let him ſhift for himſelf; ſo ſaid all the members; juſt as your levellers and republicans do now. And what was the conſequence? Why the belly was pinched to be ſure; but the hands and the feet, and the reſt of the members ſuffered ſo much for want of their old nouriſhment, that they fell ſick, pined away, and would have died, if they had not come to their ſenſes juſt in time to ſave their lives, as I hope all you will do.

Tom. But the times—but the taxes, Jack.

Jack. Things are dear, to be ſure: but riot and murder is not the way to make them cheap. And taxes are high; but I'm told there's a deal of old ſcores paying off, and by them who did not contract the debt neither, Tom. Beſides things are mending, I hope, and what little is done, is for us poor people; our candles are ſomewhat cheaper, and I dare ſay, if the honeſt gentleman

gentleman is not diſturbed by your levellers, things will mend every day. But hear one thing mind: the more we riot, the more we ſhall have to pay. Mind another thing too, that in France the poor paid all the taxes, as I have heard e'm ſay and the quality paid nothing.

Tom. Well, I know what's what, as well as another; and I'm as fit to govern—

Jack. No, Tom, no. You are indeed as good as another man, ſeeing you have hands to work, and a ſoul to be ſaved.— But are all men fit for all kinds of things? Solomon ſays, "How can he be wiſe whoſe talk is of oxen?" Every one in his way. I am a better judge of a horſe-ſhoe than Sir John; but he has a deal better notion of ſtate affairs than I; and I can no more do without him than he can do without me.— And few are ſo poor but they may get a vote for a parliament-man, and ſo you ſee the poor have as much ſhare in the government as they well know how to manage.

Tom. But I ſay all men are equal. Why ſhould one be above another?

Jack. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou doſt quarrel with Providence and not with government. For the woman is below her huſband, and the children are below their mother, and the ſervant is below his maſter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Short Account of the Guillotine. In Fra

THE following is a deſcription of the fatal machine, by which the late King of France ſuffered, and which takes its name from that of the perſon who brought it into uſe:

It is in form like a painter's eaſel, and about ten feet high; at four feet from the bottom is a croſs bar, on which the ſufferer lays his head, which is kept down by another bar placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are groves, in which is placed a ſharp axe, with a weight of lead, ſupported at the ſummit of a peg, to which is faſtened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and beheads the priſoner. The ſufferer is firſt tied to a plank, of about 18 inches broad, and an inch thick ſtanding upright, faſtened with cords about the arms, belly, and legs; this plank is about four feet long, and comes almoſt up to the chin; the executioner then lays him on his belly on the bench, lifts up the upper part of the board, which receives his neck,

neck, adjusts his head, then shuts the board, and pulls the string fastened to the peg at the top of the machine, which lifts up a catch. The axe falls down; and the head, which is off in a moment, is received in a basket ready for the purpose, as is the body in another basket.

The History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Third.

[From the New Annual Register, for the Year 1791.]

Concluded from Page 108.

ALTHOUGH the Gothic romance had been somewhat shaken by the classical fictions, and the tales of Boccace and Bandello, it still maintained its ground; and the daring machineries of giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, borrowed from the magic store-house of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, began to be employed by the epic muse. Servile critics have censured those ornaments, as bounding in whimsical absurdities, and as unwarrantable deviations from the practice of Homer and Virgil. Homer and Virgil, however, are not free from absurdities, if such they are to be styled. On the principles of the critics in question, genuine poetry, especially in the highest species of it, would be destroyed.

From the religious dramas, allegory had been adopted into our civil spectacles. Not only were the masques and pageantries of the age of Elizabeth furnished with heathen divinities, but the virtues and vices were impersonated, significantly decorated, accurately distinguished by their proper types, and represented by living actors. The ancient symbolical shews of this sort began to assume a degree of poetical elegance and precision; and it was not merely in the conformation of particular figures that much fancy was shewn, but in the contexture of some of the fables or devices presented by groupes of ideal personages. Creative invention was quickened by these exhibitions, which reflected back upon poetry, what poetry had given. In consequence of their familiarity and public nature, a national taste for allegory was formed; so that the allegorical poets now wrote to the understanding and feelings of the people. Even romance was turned to this channel;

channel; and in the Fairy Queen, allegory is built upon chivalry.

It added to the freedom, we may ſay to the boldneſs, of the poetry of this period, that our writers were not hampered by the ſtrictneſs of rules. Very few critical treatiſes had been produced, and only one art of poetry. Canons of compoſition had not abſolutely determined concerning ſentiments and images; nor was genius awed by the apprehenſion of a future and final arraignment at the tribunal of taſte. Every man indulged a capricioufneſs of invention, without too cloſely conſulting the laws of correctneſs. It was chiefly to his voluntary feelings, to his own immediate and peculiar mode of conception, that the poet made his appeal. With this freedom of thought there was often joined an undiſguiſed frankneſs of expreſſion; and both together contributed to produce the flowing modulation which now marked the meaſures of our poets, and which, by an almoſt unaccountable perverſion of taſte, degenerated, in the next age, into the oppoſite extreme of diſſonance and aſperity. Selection and diſcrimination had not yet marked the character of our authors, who wandered in the purſuit of univerſal nature, without heſitating at breaking the boundaries of imaginary method.

It was not till the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, that ſatires, properly ſo called, were produced, and theſe were very few in number. Readers who loved to range in the regions of artificial manners and narratives were not attached to pictures at large of the vices of the times. The poetry of this period was too ſolemn and reſerved to ſtoop to common life. Satire is never carried to perfection, or univerſally admired, excepting in an age that is highly poliſhed.

As the importance of the female character was not commonly acknowledged, nor woman admitted into the general commerce of ſociety, the intercourſe of ſexes had not imparted a comic air to poetry, or ſoftened the ſeverer tone of our verſification, with the levities of gallantry, and the familiarities of compliment. The abſence of ſo material a circumſtance muſt have influenced the contemporary poetical compoſitions. Many traces remain of what was in this reſpect the ſtate of manners among our anceſtors. Women, we ſee, uſually make but a ſmall figure in the tragedies and comedies of Shakſpeare. However neceſſary the heroines may, on the whole, be to the piece, they are commonly degraded to the back-ground. As to the ladies in comedy, they are nothing more than "merry wives," plain and cheerful matrons. If, in the ſmaller poems,

a lover praiſes his miſtreſs, ſhe is complimented, without elegance and without affection, in ſtrains that are neither polite nor pathetic. She is deſcribed not in the real colours, and with the genuine accompliſhments of nature, but as an eccentric being, that inſpired ſentiments equally unmeaning, hyperbolical, and unnatural.

All, or moſt of the circumſtances we have mentioned, contributed to give a deſcriptive, a pictureſque, and figurative caſt to the poetical language of our country; and even the proſe compoſitions of Elizabeth's reign took a tincture from the ſame cauſes. In the mean while, general knowledge was widely and rapidly increaſing. Books began to be multiplied, and many uſeful and rational topics had been diſcuſſed in our own tongue. Science, at the ſame time, had not made ſuch great advances as to damp the ſpirit of invention. On the whole, we were now arrived at a period that was eminently propitious to original and true poetry. It was a period in which genius was rather directed than governed by judgment; and in which taſte and learning had ſo far only diſciplined imagination, as to ſuffer its exceſſes to paſs without cenſure or controul, for the ſake of the beauties to which they were allied.

At a time when the objects pointed out by us were calculated to have ſuch a powerful operation upon the nature and character of our poetry, a genius aroſe of the firſt order, who was animated with a full portion of the ſpirit of the age, and capable of painting it in all its energy. We need not ſay that this genius was Spenſer, and that we refer to the Fairy Queen. Perhaps it might have been expected, from the revival and ſtudy of the ancient poets and critics, that inſtead of the romantic manner of compoſition which had formerly prevailed, a new, and what is commonly eſteemed, a more legitimate taſte of writing would have ſucceeded. But it was very ſlowly that ſuch a change was effected; nor was any conſiderable improvement made in the ſtate of criticiſm till a long time after the reſtoration of ancient learning. It was not to Homer, or Virgil, or even to Taſſo, that Spenſer looked up to for a model; but to Arioſto: And it was conſequently his intention to produce a poem which ſhould conſiſt of allegories, enchantments, and romantic expeditions, conducted by knights, giants, magicians, and fictitious beings. If he was blameable in this reſpect, the fault is not ſo much to be imputed to himſelf as to the times in which he lived. It was natural for him to follow the mode of compoſition which then was moſt ad-

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mired, and to adopt thoſe laws of taſte, which Italian critics had approved: For Italy, not France, was in Queen Elizabeth's reign the arbiter of elegance; and in Italy, Arioſto was greatly preferred to Taſſo. Whether this opinion was juſt or not, we are not here called upon to determine. It is ſufficient to our purpoſe to obſerve, that it was embraced by Spenſer; and that upon this principle, the plan of his poem, which is as follows, was framed.

It is ſuppoſed by the poet, that the Faery Queene, according to an annual cuſtom, held a magnificent feaſt, that continued twelve days, in the courſe of which twelve ſeveral complaints are preſented before her. In order, therefore, to redreſs the injuries which occaſioned theſe complaints, ſhe diſpatches, with proper commiſſions, twelve knights, each of whom, in the adventure allotted to him, proves an example of ſome particular virtue; and has one complete book aſſigned to him, of which he is the hero. Beſide theſe twelve knights, ſeverally exemplifying twelve moral virtues, Spenſer has conſtituted one principal knight or general hero, viz. Prince Arthur, who repreſents Magnificence; a virtue which is ſuppoſed to be the perfection of all the reſt. Arthur aſſiſts in every book, and the end of his actions is to diſcover, and win Gloriana, or Glory. The character, in ſhort, which the poet profeſſes to pourtray, is "the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues."

In eſtabliſhing one hero, who ſhould exemplify the grand character which the author had in view, he evidently copied the caſt and conſtruction of the ancient epic. But while he was ſenſible of the importance of maintaining the unity of the hero and of his deſign, he was not ſufficiently convinced of the neceſſity of preſerving that unity of action, without which the former could not be properly accompliſhed. His method, at leaſt, is very different from that which was practiſed by Homer and Virgil, in conducting their heroes to their propoſed end. If it ſhould be enquired how it is that Arthur executes the grand, ſimple, and ultimate deſign intended by Spenſer, it may be alleged that the hero, by lending his reſpective aſſiſtance to each of the twelve knights, approaches, in his allotted defence of them, ſtill nearer and nearer to glory, till at laſt he gains a complete poſſeſſion. But the reward in this caſe is ſuperior to the merit. Arthur, inſtead of merely giving his aid to the other knights, ſhould have been the leading adventurer. If in his own perſon he had exerted himſelf in the protection of the twelve virtues, he might deſervedly have been ſtyled the perfect pat-

tern of all, and have succeeded in the task assigned, the attainment of glory. As matters now stand, the difficulties which we expect Arthur to surmount, in order to accomplish his final atchievement, are removed by others; and therefore he only sustains a subordinate or accessory character. On the whole it may be remarked, that the adventures in the "Fairy Queen," when separately taken as the subject of each single book, have not always a mutual dependence upon each other, and consequently do not contribute, in the manner which they ought to have done, to form one legitimate poem. Spenser was probably aware, that by constituting twelve several adventures for twelve several heroes, the want of a general connection would often be discerned. Perhaps it was on this account that he was sometimes induced to resume and finish, in a distant book, a tale formerly begun and left imperfect. This conduct, however, is highly inartificial; as it destroys that repose of mind which is felt after having accompanied a hero, through a variety of struggles and distresses, to success and victory. To introduce him afterward in a lower scene of action, is to derogate from his dignity, and to sully the transcendant lustre of his former exploits.

It is probable that Spenser would have involved both himself and his readers in less embarrassment, if he had made every book one entire detached poem of twelve cantos, without any reference to the rest. In that case he would have written twelve different books, in each of which he might have completed the pattern of a particular virtue in twelve knights respectively; whereas by the method he has adopted, his endeavour to represent all the virtues exemplified in one, has failed of success.

Whatever truth there may be in these observations, it is not meant to apply them, in the way of condemnation, to the "Fairy Queen." It would not be reasonable to judge Spenser by precepts which he did not attend to, and the authority of which was not acknowledged at the period wherein he lived. It would have been totally foreign to his design, and to the nature of his subject, to have conducted it according to the strict laws of classical taste, and the rules of Aristotle. Our great poet proceeded upon a plan which was derived from the established modes and ideas of chivalry; and in doing this he wrote with the exuberance of a warm imagination and a strong sensibility. His business was to engage the fancy, and to interest the attention by bold and striking images; which were conceived with rapidity, and arranged without art. As the

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chief ſources of delight were the various and the marvellous, Spenſer was naturally led to ranſack alike the regions of reality and romance, of truth and fiction, in order to find the proper decorations and furniture for his noble undertaking. Deſtitute, therefore, as the "Fairy Queen" may be thought to be of that economy which epic ſeverity requires, we ſcarcely regret the loſs, while it is ſo amply ſupplied by ſomething more powerfully attracting; ſomething which engages the feelings of the heart, in preference to the cold approbation of the head. If there be any poem, the graces of which pleaſe, becauſe they are ſituated beyond the reach of art, and in which the force and faculties of creative imagination give the higheſt delight, Spenſer's is that poem. Though the critic may not be ſatisfied, the reader is tranſported; which is perhaps the beſt of all praiſes.

Did the nature and limits of our article admit of it, we might, with the aſſiſtance of the able writer who has paid the beſt and completeſt attention to the ſubject, enter into a long diſcuſſion of the "Fairy Queen." We might enlarge on Spenſer's imitations from old romances, and from Chaucer and Arioſto; on his uſe and abuſe of ancient hiſtory and mythology; on his allegorical character; and on various other particulars: But it muſt ſuffice to take ſome notice of his ſtanza, verſification, and language. The ſtanza, with the addition of one line, was adopted by him from the practice of Arioſto and Taſſo, the faſhionable poets of the age. But in chooſing this ſtanza, Spenſer did not pay a proper regard to the genius of the Engliſh language, which does not fall ſo eaſily as the Italian does, into a frequent repetition of the ſame termination. Nor did Arioſto and Taſſo embarraſs themſelves with the neceſſity of finding out ſo many ſimilar terminations as Spenſer. In their "Ottava Rima" there were only three ſimilar endings, alternatively rhyming; and the two laſt lines formed a diſtinct rhyme: Whereas, in Spenſer, the ſecond rhyme is repeated four times, and the third three. By this conſtraint, our poet was almoſt unavoidably led into ſeveral faults of conſiderable magnitude. It hence happened, that however unimportant the thing might be which he intended to expreſs, he was ſometimes obliged to dilate it with trifling and tedious circumſtances. At other times, when matter failed toward the cloſe of a ſtanza, he was laid under the neceſſity of running into a ridiculous redundancy and repetition of words; and he was occaſionally forced to make out his complement of rhymes, by introducing a puerile or impertinent idea. To the difficulty of a ſtanza, ſo injudiciouſly choſen, may be properly imputed the great num-

ber of his ellipses; for it is easy to conceive, that the constraint which is productive of superfluity, should be likewise the cause of omission.

Though those inconveniences flowed from Spenser's measure, it must nevertheless be acknowledged, that some advantages arose from it; and it may in particular be affirmed, that the fullness and significancy of his descriptions are frequently owing to the prolixity of his stanza. Laden as he was with so many shackles, it is indeed surprising that he should, upon the whole, execute a poem of such uncommon length with so much ease and spirit. He has not been so careless as to permit the same word to be repeated as a rhyme to itself, in more than four or five instances; which is an extraordinary circumstance, when we consider the time wherein he wrote, and the nature of his stanza. Amid his affected and too frequent use of obsolete words and phrases, his style, in general, is distinguished by its perspicuity and facility. His lines are seldom broken by transpositions, antitheses, or parentheses; and his sense and sound are equally flowing and uninterrupted. In short, when every fault is pointed out which can be ascribed, either to the author himself, or to the age in which he flourished, it will be found, that he eminently excelled in the richness of his harmony, and the beauty of his versification.

In the character of a poet, Spenser sustains a very high and eminent rank. We should run no hazard of rational contradiction, were we to assert, that in powers of invention and richness of fancy, he has scarcely ever been exceeded. To the display of these talents, the subjects he was led to by the fashionable reading of the times were peculiarly accommodated. There could not be more admirable instruments in the hands of a genuine poet, than the adventures and manners of chivalry, and the superstitions and enchantments of the dark ages. They gave scope for all the wildness and beauty of imagery, and for all the splendour and majesty of description; circumstances of which Spenser hath availed himself in the highest degree. As, therefore, the "Fairy Queen" comes recommended to us by so many excellencies, it may be thought surprising that, at present, it should, comparatively, have only a small number of readers. But this may be accounted for from several causes. The customs and manners described by Spenser are vanished away, and consequently are little understood by the bulk of mankind. His allusions, likewise, are often too abstruse and learned for common apprehension; and some degree of obsoleteness hangs upon his language. Nor is allegorical poetry

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adapted to the general underſtanding. Hence it is that Spenſer, with all his merit, can only be the laſting favourite of the few, who, by reading and true taſte, are fully qualified to appreciate, and to feel, his tranſcendent beauties. By ſuch perſons, he will be admired and applauded, ſo long as poetry ſhall continue to be the object of admiration and applauſe.

GENUINE BON MOT *of a* THRESHER.

A Gentleman Farmer, the other day, obſerving to one of his threſhers, that he had been informed another farmer's labourer had threſhed out a load of corn between ſun and ſun; the Ruſtic replied, " then, meaſter, it muſt have been one of Joſhua's days, when he commanded the zun to ſtond ſtill."

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following curious fact attracted the attention of all people in Weſt Smithfield, London, a few days ſince:—A man of the name of Weſton, who ſells ſprats in the neighbourhood of Claremarket, wiſhing to ſeparate from his dear ſpouſe, led her by a halter to market, where he tied her up to a ſtall, along ſide an ox. Here ſhe remained expoſed for ſale near half an hour, for though the ſpectators were many, the buyers were ſhy, the owner not being willing to enſure her ſound wind and limb: However, the ſaleſman employed upon the occaſion cloſed with a publican in Long-lane, Smithfield, for 40s.—the moſt, in quantity, ſold at market for the money. Both parties were equally happy on the occaſion, ſhe retiring well ſatisfied with her new maſter, and he making merry with the price of his rib!

GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For JANUARY, 1793.

MR. HUME remarks, that there is a point of elevation or depreſſion in the affairs of nations, beyond which they ſeldom proceed. In tracing the progreſs of ſociety, from the reformation to the preſent era, we have the ampleſt proofs of the juſtice of this obſervation. The human character ſeems to have

have attained the ſummit of excellence at the commencement of the preſent century; and, in fixing the moment of its ſuperiority, we limit the extent of its powers, and aſcertain the period of their decay. In our own country, at the time to which we have alluded, the tumults of republicaniſm, and the ſtruggles of prerogative, were ſucceeded by the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of conſtitutional liberty; the rage of fanaticiſm, and the objections of infidelity, had ſhewn the expediency, and eſtabliſhed the boundaries, of a regular ſyſtem of national religion; the morals of the people were pure without affectation; and our literature was extenſive and chaſte, without being pedantic or frivolous. Commerce diffuſed a ſpirit of induſtry among all ranks of the community, and the mercantile ariſtocracy, which impolitic monopolies and ſucceſsful ſpeculations have now introduced, neither blunted the ardour of enterpriſe, nor diminiſhed the proſpect of independence. Though the ambition of France, the continual ſcourge of Europe, involved Great-Britain in occaſional war, yet its horrors were mitigated by the exerciſe of mutual curteſey, the reciprocal conſciouſneſs of diſtinguiſhed merit, and the periodical ſuſpenſion of hoſtile acts. Though the vanity of the Bourbon race induced it to ſacrifice the happineſs of their ſubjects to viſionary ſchemes of foreign conqueſt, yet the effects of their conduct to the felicity of the world can no more be compared to the miſchiefs likely to enſue from the victories of the Gallic republic, than the uneaſineſs which the children of Iſrael of old endured from the whips of Solomon, when contraſted with the torments with which they were threatened from the ſcorpions of Rehoboam.

In examining the conduct of the Britiſh adminiſtration in their negociation with the Proviſionary Executive Council, it is ſcarcely neceſſary to juſtify, nor can it be material to condemn their perſeverance in refuſing to acknowledge M. Chauvelin as the accredited agent of the French commonwealth.—Their grounds of complaint have been ſpecifically ſtated; and, unleſs their objections are ſatisfactorily anſwered, impartiality muſt induce us to give our ſuffrage in their favour. The revolution in France, which originally aimed at ſubverting all exiſting political inſtitutions, ſeem deſtined in their progreſs to overthrow every moral and religious ſentiment which has hitherto directed the actions of mankind. Opinions, to which time had given reſpectability, and which experience had diſcovered to be uſeful, have been deſpiſed as ridiculous, or condemned as miſchievous, by the ſelf-created legiſlators of the

universe

universe in the National Convention. Every government, except the republic, has been doomed to destruction, as tyrannical; all philosophy, which sought aid from revelation, has been disregarded as absurd; equality has been represented as the only mode of procuring happiness in this world; and atheism has kindly lent her aid to secure the human race from the apprehension of future punishment. At the commencement of the present war, none who professed to be the friends of liberty could wish success to the arms of Austria and Prussia. At that period, in the struggles of the French against the combined powers, we beheld the exertions of a gallant people contending for their own independence, and defending a constitution they had chosen for themselves. But when the first magistrate of the state was torn from his elevation by the hand of violence; the most valuable domains of the Imperial crown wrested from their possessor; and a nation, already too potent, threatening to extend the boundaries of its territories to the Alps and the Baltic; under the pretence of natural rights, dissolving treaties which were calculated for preserving the general tranquillity; and, in professing to meliorate the forms of society, shaking the pillars on which its superstructure is raised; we cannot be surprised if the admiration of neutral kingdoms is converted into resentment, and even the cause of despotism preferred to that of anarchy.

The principles adopted by the councils of France, and propagated by their agents, are certainly inimical to the British constitution; and the idea which has been entertained of appealing from our rulers to those by whom they were delegated, is an insult upon the understanding, and an attempt to annihilate every social tie among us. No explanation of the obnoxious decree so justly complained of, can silence the doubts of our cabinet. That decree bestows upon France the right of giving a form of government to all the nations of the world, whenever she is pleased to think they want it. The sole arbiter of the general will of mankind, she holds forth the same boon to the Englishman, who rejoices in the protection of his Sovereign, and the slave who trembles under the scymetar of a Sultan. Profuse in her bounty, and indiscriminate in the selection of its objects, she is equally urgent in compelling the acceptance of her gifts.

The Belgic Provinces, which she professed to liberate from the yoke of Austria, now groan under the pressure of military law and democratic tyranny. The faith which their forefathers venerated, and their descendants follow, is trampled under foot; the

the power of reviving the conſtitution, which the ancient Princes of the Netherlands eſtabliſhed, and under which their ſubjects were contented and proſperous, withheld from the people, who, after being deluded with the phantom of liberty, diſcover that the ſceptre of Francis is only exchanged for the ſword of Dumourier; the ſyſtematic ſervitude of a monarchy for the irregular licentiouſneſs of a republic; and the diſciplined hoſts of Germany for the ungovernable rabble of the Convention.

The induſtrious merchants of Frankfort have been interrupted in their commerce, and injured in their property; inſulted by a rapacious ſoldiery, and called upon to pay contributions for their attachment to the magiſtracy of their city. The barren Duchy of Savoy has been forced from the hands of its native ruler, and annexed to the empire of its gigantic neighbour. The virtuous and wealthy Geneveſe have been diſturbed in their internal policy to gratify individual ambition; and Europe has been informed felicity cannot be found, except in the departments of the French Republic, whoſe repreſentatives are overawed by the deſperate mob of a corrupted metropolis.

In anſwer to theſe objections it has been ſaid, that the decree in queſtion is meant to be confined, in its application, to thoſe countries ſolely in which there is a decided majority in favour of the new principles of government. But this argument can neither extenuate the guilt, nor conceal the ambition, of the republic. The internal policy of every ſtate can only be regulated by the will of its inhabitants; and an active and induſtrious minority may produce inſurrections, though they cannot effect revolutions, and ſow the ſeeds of civil diſſenſion, which may ripen by perſeverance into open rebellion. If the Convention was weak enough to miſtake the congratulations of the ſubjects of Great-Britain on the retreat of the Duke of Brunſwick for an approbation of their conduct, and a deſire of imitating their example, we have no ſecurity that they poſſeſs moderation or prudence to induce them to abſtain from carrying their ſchemes of innovation into effect. And if they are reſolved to commence hoſtilities, becauſe the preſent miniſters of his Britannic Majeſty, ſhocked at the exceſſes which they have tolerated or juſtified, conceived that the former deſpotiſm of their government, entruſted to the mild and now murdered monarch, modified by the refinement of modern manners, and rendered faſcinating by that enthuſiaſtic honour and dignity of ſentiment, which has now left them for ever, was

 more

more likely to promote internal peace and univerſal harmony, than the tumultuous democracy which has been ſubſtituted in its place; their behaviour can only be deemed an infamous attempt to introduce diſcord among a flouriſhing and united people. In paſſing this decree France declared war againſt the world; and, till it is repealed, like the ſeed of Iſhmael, her hand muſt be againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt her. In order to remove every prejudice which may be entertained with reſpect to the *opening of the Scheldt*, it muſt be recollected, that the queſtion on that ſubject is not agitated between the people of the Auſtrian Netherlands and the Dutch, but between the latter and the French common-wealth. Nature ſeems to have deſigned that the whole extent of territory from the boundaries of French Flanders to the moſt northern extremities of the United Provinces ſhould have been joined together under one head; and, in conſequence of this diſpoſition, Antwerp, from its centrical ſituation, and the magnificent river on which it ſtands, would probably have become the commercial metropolis of a great and flouriſhing kingdom.

Previous to the acceſſion of Charles the Fifth to the Imperial throne, the whole ſeventeen provinces were under the dominion of the Houſe of Burgundy; and, during that period of their hiſtory, their extenſive trade and fertile ſoil made them the ſtorehouſe and granary of Europe. The tyranny of Philip the Second rouſed his ſubjects to revolt; the valour of the Spaniſh troops reduced part of them to ſubmiſſion; but the invincible obſtinacy of the Dutch, and the hereditary wiſdom and bravery of the Orange Family emancipated them for ever from a foreign yoke, and ſeparated them from the adjoining ſtates. Inſtead of ſlaves they became conquerors, and, after a conteſt of fourſcore years, dictated to their former maſters the terms of pacification. In conſequence of their ſucceſſes the Scheldt was ſhut, and the right of navigating it was ſolemnly relinquiſhed. And if a candid inquirer muſt wiſh to ſee it reſumed, he may at the ſame time be convinced, that this object can only be attained by a reunion of the whole of the Low Countries, and not by the incorporation of Belgia and France. The effect of the latter would be the total deſtruction of the ſtates of Holland, the entire ſubverſion of the balance of power, and the engendering of a political monſter, which, after devouring every thing, would feed upon its own bowels.—When theſe circumſtances are conſidered, it muſt follow that general expediency, the great practical rule of direction to ſtateſmen, requires the interference of adminiſtration to ſup-

port the claims of our allies according to the ſtipulations of the treaty of Munſter.

W A R.

The ſkill and frugality of miniſters have ſecured to them a temporary fund for carrying on a war. The ſpirit and the reſources of the nation gave them every reaſon to hope the continuance of ſupport. The continental powers with which we are connected, and the important objects for which we contend, will give animation and energy to every exertion. It is the cauſe of human nature we are engaged to ſupport; of a conſtitution which our anceſtors cemented with their blood, which is the ſource of our pride, and the foundation of our happineſs, againſt a ſyſtem of innovation which has ſwept before it, like an overwhelming torrent, the ſacred inſtitutions of antiquity, the pure conſolations of religion, the duties of domeſtic life, and the obligations between man and man. In ancient times war was conducted with dignified ferocity; among the moderns it has been carried on with ſcientific ſkill: the recent hoſtilities of the French have been ferocious without dignity, and ſcientific without humanity; and if we meet their forces with ſuch accumulated horrors, we have ſtill the comfort of reflecting, that to abſtain from war is impoſſible, and to doubt of ſucceſs would be impious.

Such are the reaſons which may be urged to induce us to juſtify adminiſtration if they ſhould reſolve to adopt the meaſure.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

But an event has happened, in the courſe of the month, which will probably preclude all reaſoning upon the ſubject, and which, in every benevolent mind, muſt ſuſpend for a time the power of calmly examining their weight. Louis the XVIth, after a trial which violated every form of criminal juſtice, has been found guilty, and executed. In this complicated act of villainy we know not whether moſt to condemn the deliberate wickedneſs of the Convention, or to admire the fortitude of the unhappy ſufferer. During the whole courſe of this proceeding, no ſenſation of pity entered the breaſt of any individual of that body; and after having, in contempt of every divine and human law, diſcharged the inconſiſtent offices of accuſers and judges, having been convicted of the moſt ſcandalous forgeries in attempting to bring their King to the block, and expoſing him,

without

without remorfe, to infults from the vileft of mankind; their career of iniquity has been finifhed by dooming to death a man protected from injury by his own innocence, and the inviolability annexed to his character by their own conftitution, under which he acted. If we are tempted to arraign the juftice of Providence in expofing this Prince to fuch fevere misfortunes, we muft adore its wifdom in giving him an opportunity of difplaying virtues which will command the favour of pofterity, and afford to the ferious mind the pleafing reflection that his mifery terminated with his earthly exiftence.

Adverfity feems to have transformed the lazy fenfualift into the intrepid fage, and the wretched votary of fuperftition into the humble, refigned, and pious difciple of Chriftianity. From the period of Louis's imprifonment to the moment of his deceafe, he has difplayed a vigour of intellect, and a fenfibility of temper which the elevation of his former ftation prevented him from exercifing, or checked in their operation. The will he has left will remain a permanent memorial of his domeftic virtues; and in his public capacity he was the inftrument of preparing a conftitution for his country which the wickednefs of his fubjects prevented them from improving, and the laft remnant of which they deftroyed by the decree which warranted his execution.

Anfwer, by W. Brewer, of Taunton, to M. Barrett's Anagram, inferted November 26.

A BARGE if you aright tranfpofe,
GAREB's the name it will difclofe.

*** We have received the like anfwer from J. Bulgin, of Caftle Cary; and W. Hoare, of Dean Prior.

Anfwer, by R. Craze, at Chard Academy, to J. Bulgin's Rebus, inferted November 26.

GRAPE is the foreign fruit 'tis clear,
As in your fines is made appear.

‡§‡ We have received the like anfwer from M. Barrett junior, of Exeter; W. Hoare, of Dean Prior; T. Walker, of Hemyock; and W. Brewer, of Taunton.

An Anſwer, by Matthew Barrett junior, of Exeter, to Fidelio's Charade, inſerted December 10.

NIGHT-SHADE, as by the lines you ſent,
I find to be the herb that's meant.

‖ We have received the like anſwer from W. Brewer, of Taunton; P. Latham, of Briſtol; I. Salter, of Payhembury; J. L. Clare, of Honiton; T. Roberts, and W. Hodgſon, of Tywardreath; W. Hoare, of Dean Prior; P. Gov[illegible], of Exeter; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; W. Pridham, J. Ba[illegible]let, and J. Sowton, of Ipplepen School; Thomas Coumbes, of St. German's; W. Smith, and R. Uren junior, of Grampound; and Juventus, near St. Auſtell.

An ANAGRAM, *by E. Giddy, of Truro.*

TO heave if you tranſpoſe aright,
A liquor then you'll bring to light.

A REBUS, *by Matthew Barrett, of Exeter.*

A Beaſt in England call to mind;
The next an inſect you muſt find;
Now a place I pray you tell,
Where my next (a beaſt) doth dwell;
Laſtly a fruit that doth abound,
And which in England may be found.
Join the initials right and true,
A burning mount 'twill bring to view.

A CHARADE, *by Fidelio, of Bath.*

AUSPICIOUS firſt! the univerſal friend!
What bleſſings thy prolific powers attend!
From thee my next its chearfulneſs receives,
Which oft the melancholy mind relieves.
Hail hallow'd whole! Oh! may I ne'er profane,
But rev'rence thee, and wiſely ſtrive to gain,
With unremitting zeal, the important prize
Of endleſs bliſs in realms beyond the ſkies.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, *by W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.*

WHAT two numbers are those whose sum, product, and difference of their squares, are equal to each other?

It is particularly requested, that a solution might be given the *step-way*; the parts of which are to be answered methodically, without abbreviating any of the work.

An ENIGMA, *by T. Croggan, of Grampound.*

YE men of sense I merit your regard,
Altho' I do not want the least reward;
If you would find my usefulness and name,
My occupation, and from whence I came;
Attend unto the sequel, and you'll know,
'Twas on an useful creature I did grow;
Business of consequence I do transact,
And laws of great importance I enact;
I'm very slender, and my legs are slight,
My native colour is a lily white;
I'm forc'd to walk along a lonely road,
And carry on my back a pond'rous load;
If you can look with a discerning eye,
The meaning of my footsteps you'll descry;
A certain liquid I do often use,
So therefore tell my name without excuse.

**** The Account of the Procession at Topsham will be inserted next Week.*

‡§‡ The Address of Sir Archibald Macdonald will be continued in the next Entertainer.

**** We earnestly request our Correspondents to be more careful to render the different Productions they send correct, that we may not be obliged to leave them out on Account of their Want of Merit.—We would also caution the Writers of Enigmas, Rebusses, Charades, Questions, &c. &c. against sending any but such as are original.*

‡‖‡ Our Correspondents who send Questions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebusses, or Anagrams, are requested to send with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwise we shall not chuse to insert them.

POETRY

POETRY.

KING, LIBERTY, LAWS.

To the tune of—*Hearts of Oak*.

YE Britons so brave, so bold, and so free,
Come lend your attention and listen to me,
I'll shew you most clearly the plots that are laid,
To steal all your comfort—your blessings invade;
But to join in the cause
Of King, liberty, laws,
Ye always are ready,
And steady, boys, steady,
To defend old England, huzza, boys, huzza!

The French most perfidious we ever have found,
Old England they hate, and would fain pull her down,
Our glory they envy—our happiness too,
And would change our old gold for their tinsel so new;
But we'll shew in the cause
Of King, liberty, laws,
We always are ready,
And ready, boys, ready
To defend our old England, huzza, boys, huzza!

Afraid that the lion of England should wake,
They try to steal that they dare not to take,
They pay wicked men to seduce you with lies,
And, to rob you securely, throw dust in your eyes;
But they'll find in the cause
Of King, liberty, laws, &c. &c.

No religion or laws the vile Jacobins own,
Their God they deny, and their King they dethrone;

To

To gain their own ends the poor people they cheat,
Then leave them not even a morſel to eat!
Then let us in the cauſe
Of King liberty, laws,
Be ever moſt ſteady, &c. &c.

Their trade is all gone—there is none now to buy
The rich are all baniſh'd—the poor left to die!
No corn in their markets—no coin in their ſtates;
No ſhips in their ports—no faith in their gates;
But they'll find in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws,
We always are ſteady, &c. &c.

But look, ye bold Britons, around you and ſee,
The contraſt how great—ye are happy and free;
Here Peace ſpreads her olive, and Plenty her ſtore,
And Juſtice alike guards the rich and the poor.
Then ſhew in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws,
Ye always are ready, &c. &c.

Our commerce is great, manufact'rers well paid,
The world is our mart, ſo extenſive our trade;
All, all have employment, the idle alone
Have cauſe of complaint, but the fault is their own.
Then firm in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws, &c. &c.

Our nobles for liberty freely will bleed,
Since they planted her firſt in the fam'd Runnymead;
Moſt ſacred our gentry her boughs will ſuſtain,
From the blows of vile France, or the engine Tom Paine.
Then firm in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws, &c. &c.

Our ſoldiers are loyal, brave, honeſt and true,
And our ſailors unmatch'd ſhould you ſearch the world thro'
The poor, when induſtrious, have plenty and eaſe,
And charity ſhelters old age and diſeaſe.
Then firm in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws, &c. &c.

Great George is our father, protector, and friend,
And firmly our rights and his own will defend;

 Then,

Then, uniting our hearts and our voices, we'll ſing,
And pray for long life and long reign to our King:
And ſtaunch in the cauſe
Of King, liberty, laws,
Be ever moſt ſteady,
And ready, boys, ready,
To defend poor old England, huzza, boys, huzza!

PHILEMON: *An* ELEGY.

WHERE ſhade yon yews the churchyard's lonely bourn
With faultering ſtep, abſorb'd in thought profound,
Philemon wends in ſolitude to mourn,
While Evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud ſhrieks the blaſt, the ſleety torrent drives,
Wide ſpreads the tempeſt's deſolating pow'r;
To grief alone Philemon reckleſs lives,
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blaſt nor ſhower.

For this the date that ſtampt his Emma's doom,
In his fond arms ſhe breath'd her life's laſt ſigh:
"Say, will my love e'er ſeek his Emma's tomb?"
She cried, then clos'd in Death each wiſtful eye.

No ſighs he breath'd, for anguiſh riv'd his breaſt,
Her clay-cold hand he graſp'd, no tears he ſhed,
'Till fainting nature ſunk by grief oppreſs'd,
And ere diſtraction came all ſenſe was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd Philemon's woe,
For grief like his, life-woven, never dies;
And ſtill each year's collected ſorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his Emma's tomb he ſighs.

Lines written on the Door of a Hermitage.

IF meek thy mind, if pious, if ſincere,
With welcome footſteps, ſtranger, enter here,
Within the ſanctuary of this cell,
No pride, no fraud, no irreligion dwell;
But peaceful muſings ſoothe the anxious breaſt,
And calms its riſing tempeſts into reſt.